Vol. II. Numb. 57.

The British Apollo:

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Performed by a Society of GENTLEMEN.

From Friday September 7th. to Wednesday September 12thth. 1709.

Q. APOLLO, *A Friend of mine aſſum'd, tho' truly believ'd, that God did not require the Duty from Servants, as he did from Maſters and Miſtreſſes. Your Anſwer will oblige Your Admirer.*

A. That all Perſons, whether Maſters or Servants, are under an Indiſpenſable Obligation of Obeying the Precepts of the Goſpel, is an Undoubted Truth, ſince Servants are *Chriſt's Freedmen*, as well as Maſters *Chriſt's Servants*. But we Preſume, the Gentleman means by *Duty*, a Dedication of a Proper Portion of our Time to the Duties of Piety and Devotion, to our attendance upon the Immediate Service of our Maker, and then his Obſervation is Undoubtedly True, namely, that Servants are not oblig'd to ſpend ſo much time in the Foremention'd Duties as Maſters are, who are generally more Maſters of their time than Servants can be ſuppos'd to be. And ſince the Major Part of Servants time is their Maſters Property, God will never Accept of a Sacrifice that proceeds from Robbery. And therefore thoſe words of our Bleſſed Lord's will hold true, namely, God in the Caſe before us: *Unto whomſoever Much is Given, of Him ſhall be Much Required; and to whom Men have committed Much, of Him they will ask the More.* Not that Earthly Maſters may Engroſs the Whole of their Servants time, as that they can Dedicate no Portion of it to their *Maſter which is in Heaven.* No; if Servants Plead this in their Excuſe, we are oblig'd to tell them, that, how far ſoever the Argument drawn from Neceſſity may Extend (tho' indeed it muſt Extend too far) it will never Acquit ſuch Servants, as are at Liberty to Change their Maſters, to Change them for more Reaſonable, more Conſiderate, more Religious Maſters. All Servants therefore muſt be Careful, at the Peril of their Eternal Welfare, to *Render unto* their Maſters, the Time, that is their Maſters, *and unto God the* Time, that is God's.

Q. *Sirs, Being lately engag'd in a Diſcourſe with a Friend, call'd a Quaker, concerning their Women ſpeaking in their Congregations, which he ſtrongly upheld and juſtified both under the Old Teſtament and the New, although St. Paul expreſly ſays,* let your Women keep Silence in the Churches, for it is not permitted unto them to ſpeak; *yet he clears up the Cauſe by Scripture, as that of* Auld *in Propheſying in* Kings 11. 22. *and likewiſe of the Prophet* Joel, *in* Joel *the* 2 *d. and in* Acts *the* 2 *d. and many other places, which I ſhall not trouble you with, be Pleaſed to Anſwer theſe are enough for you to give your Opinion on the Matter, and would beg you to ſatisfy them who are willing to be ſatisfy'd by you.*

A. In a late Paper we have explain'd that Paſſage in the Prophet *Joel*, and conſequently that in the *Acts*, which was taken from the other, and in the ſame Paper we took occaſion alſo to ſhew the Different Circumſtances of *Huldah* the Propheteſs. And therefore we ſhall only make this Uſeful Obſervation, namely, that whatever Paſſages in Scripture may ſeem to Countenance Women's ſpeaking in the Church, They, who are Unacquainted with their Genuine import, may yet readily perceive (unleſs Blinded by an Unreaſonable Prejudice) that they are no ways Equivalent to thoſe Plain, Perceptive Texts, which Abſolutely Forbid the Uſage in ſuch Eaſy, Familiar Terms.

Q. *Gentlemen, I had the Vanity to affirm in ſome Company, according to your Notion, that the Earth turns round to the Sun, as a Gooſe doth to the Fire, and not the Fire turns round the Gooſe. But after ſome Diſcourſe of the Probability and Improbability, and ſome Texts of Scripture alledg'd for the Stability of the Earth, and the Motion of the Sun. Theſe were Over rul'd, by ſaying they were ſpoken to our Capacities, as many other are. But then another Objection was ſtarted, which was this, ſuppoſing a Mortar or Cannon ſo fix'd as to throw a Ball exactly Perpendicular up into the Air, it was affirmed, that the Ball would fall directly into the Mouth of the Cannon or Mortar again. But then ſaid they, if the Earth moves, and it is but half a Minute before it come down again, how many Mile would the Mortar be turned from the Ball. But we ſee it is not, therefore they affirm'd, that till you give us ſenſible a Demonſtration, that the Earth Moves, they deſire to be excuſed from believing you or any other. It was ſuppoſed the Air to carry the Ball in a juſt Proportion to the Motion of the Earth, or that every part of Body, ſeperate or joined to the whole, had*

naturally

naturally this Diurnal Motion, from which no force could drive it. But there are so many Objections against these Suppositions, as are too long now to insert. But if you think fit to say any thing to this, I may hereafter trouble you with them. But if you give no solid Reason to this Objection, suffer me to tack again to my old Opinion, and Discard you from being Mihi Magnus Apollo. *If you say this is an Objection, I say, many old things are True. I am Yours,* &c.

A. As for the sensible Demonstration (tho' that Expression is not Over-nice) specified in the Question, we freely confess, that the Annual Motion of the Earth round the Sun cannot be prov'd by the Testimony of our Senses, since the Sun and not the Earth, seems to the Sight to Move. But were we in all things to Judg by our Senses, we shou'd be frequently deceiv'd. Who, if he put a Strait Stick into the Water, which afterwards Appears Crooked to the Eye, is so Irrational as to conclude from that Phænomenon, that the Water chang'd the Stick from Strait to Crooked. And to Imagin, that the Sun Moves, because it Appears to Move, while we behold it from a Boat, in which we are Row'd. If therefore Reason Corrects an Error of Sense in one Instance, why not in another; especially when that instance is a Parallel one. And we have lately upon another occasion accounted for the Reason, why the Shoar Appears to Move in the Forementiond Case; which Reason may be applied to the Apparent Motion of the Sun.

Aristotle tells us, that a Wise Man never requires any other Argument for the Proof of any thing than that Particular is capable of, on Supposition that it were absolutely True. Now, to apply this to the Case before us; were all Men to be infallibly assur'd, that the Earth Mov'd, yet no one can say, that it's Motion on Supposition, that it Really Mov'd cou'd be Prov'd by the Testimony of our Senses, since he cannot affirm, that the Equability of it's Motion together with Gravitation of Bodies towards the Center wou'd not prevent it's being an Object of Sense. Whence it follows, that tho' the Earth cannot be prov'd to Move by the Evidence of Sense, yet this is no Objection against it's Motion, which may notwithstanding be Prov'd True by the Evidence of Reason; which sort of Evidence we have heretofore consider'd.

That the Earth communicates it's Motion to all things within it's own Atmosphere is a Natural and Easy Notion. As for the Objections, which your Friends brought against it, it is sufficient to Confute them, when they shall be Propos'd.

Q. *From whence are deriv'd, and what are the Significations of the Names of each Month in the Year?* Phillia.

A. The four last Months are of *Latin* Derivation, and are nam'd from their Order in the old Roman Calender made by *Romulus*. For *September* signifies the seventh Month, counting from *March*; *October* the Eighth, and so on. The six first Months are particularly accounted for in a former Paper.

Q. *Gentlemen, I have heard several say it is Unlucky for a Man to weigh himself. I desire your Opinion. From Yours,* J. E.

A. We believe it no more Unlucky to weigh a Gander than to weigh a Goose; for we suppose that Opinion was first brought by some such half-witted Animal.

Q. Apollo, *I have been at the Tavern and am a little concern'd, but that's all one, 'tis many an Honest Man's Case that loves Claret Old Boy. Now, cou'd I take Boufflers by the Beard and throw him to the Lyons in the Tower, nay, towze old* Mantenon *before* Don Lewis's *Face, and get a young Bear Cub on her, shou'd Claw the old Sophister out of his Throne; but that's an Abject Thought and beneath my Present Purpose, which is to intreat Thee to lend me thy luminous Chariot, to make a Tour to* Thetis. *I am Passionate in Love with her for the last Anchoves she sent me, which provok'd my Toasting her Health in a Bumper. Bless me, what a Progeny of Mermaids and Tritons shall I get, to wait on me when in full Equipage I revisit poor Mortals below. Now do I expect to be deny'd for fear I shou'd Out shine thee, Illuminated thus with Sparkling Wine, for I tell Thee to thy Teeth thou wilt appear but a Farthen Candle, to the Illustrious Vision blazing out in the Person of thy Competitor,* Robert Ruby-face.

A. Honest *Don Ruby face*, thy Petition is preposterous, thou steer the Chariot of the Sun! Thou canst not steer thy self; and the Tour thou art likeliest to make is to descend with full Equipage of Link-boy and Watch-man into the next Cellar; where, if thou hast Money enough left to attone for the sweet Pickle thou'rt in, and to tempt the Gingerbread Woman, thou may'st get a Generation of Newgate-birds, who may come to give thanks for their Father's Adventure at the place of Execution. But by this time we suppose thou art doing Pennance, by quenching thy Ambition with Small-Beer, and attoning thy Presumption by Stomach-Qualms and Head-ach; which we hope may recover your reason, tho' justly forfeited, and that convince you, that you really degenerate beneath Brutes, whilst your Vanity places you amongst the Gods.

Q. *What was the Original saying,* I'll do it in the twinkling of a Bedstaff?

A. A Fool's Head.

Upon account of the great Number of new Subscribers, which come in this Quarter, we should be oblig'd to those, who would send their Names to the Printer, on those days the Paper is not Carry'd, because we should not be so liable to make Mistakes, or miss some in entring them in our Books, as when they crowd in together on those two days.

POEMS.

Q. I *Lov'd a Lady was Fair,*
With Tresses of Beautiful Hair,
But She prov'd but Fickle,
And left m' in a Pickle,
Of Sorrow and Grief and Despair.

I lov'd a Lady was Black,
She had a Delicious Smack,
But I found She lov'd more,
And prov'd but a Wh——re,
And so I took all my Love back.

I lov'd a Lady was brown,
And spent on her many a Crown,
But She lov'd so fast,
I was glutted at last,
Which pull'd my keen Appetite down.

I lov'd a Lady with Gold,
But She was both Ugly and Old;
My Stomach was gone,
E'er I cou'd Press her on,
To the Sentence, To have and to hold.

I lov'd a Lady Religious,
But She was confounded Litigious,
For thoſe ſeldom pleaſe us,
But vex us and teeze us,
And of all our Pleaſures Abridg us.

I lov'd a Lady High-born,
But She anſwer'd my Paſſion with Scorn,
She Hector'd and Bounc'd,
And from me She Flounc'd,
And I quite forgot her next Morn.

I lov'd a Citizen's Daughter
(Occaſion'd abundance of Laughter)
But ſoon She gave place,
To handſomer Face,
Of whom I was tir'd quickly after.

A Country 'Squire's was the next,
Whoſe Dary-Diſcourſe ſo much vext,
That it rais'd up my Anger,
For which I cou'd bang her,
But that I kept cloſe to my Text.

Which was to Love ev'ry Degree,
'Till I met one Inamour'd on me,
Tho' plainly I find,
I cou'd alter my Mind,
As oft as new Faces I ſee.

Now, if you can tell me which way,
This Temper Mercurial *I may*
So fix, as no more,
To range as before,
Your Petitioner ever ſhall pray, *&c.*
Strephon.

A. But why ſhou'd our *Strephon* thus Rove,
And to ſuch Variety to move,
When if but to one,
He fixes alone,
He may hardly perſuade her to Love.

Whilſt ſo many Faults you can ſee,
In every Age and Degree,
Perhaps they may find
(If your Actions they mind)
All thoſe complicated in Thee.

W' adviſe then, Addreſſes forbear,
'Till they think thou art worthy their Care,
And then you may ſtay,
Perhaps 'till Doom's-Day,
And at laſt be but juſt where you are.

The following Proverb (as the Reader will find) came with that anſwer'd in laſt Paper.

Q. *Tell me, why He,* who in Horſe-fleſh thrives,
Is ſaid——to Kiſs the Parſon's Wives?

A. It happen'd on a time (and ſo
All kind of things do hap you know)
A Jolly Jockey, Young and Strong,
At *Ryegate* born, by Name *WILL LONG*;
Who often in that Juggling Trade,
But lamentable Markets made;
For Fortune that deceitful Gipſy,
Who governs, as if always Tipſy,
Beſtowing Favors ſo ridiculous,
Sometime in midſt of Joys will pickle us
In Briny Sorrows, then o' th' ſudden
Cram us with Wealth like ſtuff'd Bag-pudden,
Had play'd him many a ſcurvy Trick,
Sometime a Horſe fell Lame i' th' nick;
Others wou'd on the ſudden Dye,
And never give one Reaſon why:
At length a Parſon came to th' Fair,
To buy an eaſy Ambling Mare,
Will Long had one did fit his Stride,
And every Demand beſide;
The Bargain's ſtruck, and home he brought it,
The Parſon's Wife (who cou'd have thought it!)
Be'ng ſtrangely taken with the Fellow,
His Courage rais'd with Ale, term'd Mellow;
And ſoon a ſecond Bargain ſtruck,
In which our Jockey'd better Luck.
The Parſon who'd enough to ſpare,
Wink'd at purloining of a ſhare,
And ſo this Amorous Intreague,
Cemented to a Conſtant League.
Juſt at the Inſtant of theſe Bands,
Dame Fortune chanc'd to ſhift her Hands,
The Fellow Proſper'd more and more,
And plac'd all to this Am'rous Score;
Whilſt others were brought to believe,
This change of Paſture made him Thrive.
This Notion now ſuch Force attains,
And ſuch a ſtrange Aſcendant Gains,
We find our Gentry (of ill Lives)
All mad for Kiſſing Parſon's Wives.
Tho' oft their Horſe-fleſh Plot proves addle,
Not winning that, but loſe the Saddle.

To APOLLO.

Q. *THOU fund of Learning, thou Eternal Friend,*
Thou great Producer of good words well Pen'd;
Infallible Inſtructor, generous Guide,
Blaſt of our Envy, Scourger of our Pride;
Judg of our Errors, Safe-guard of our Youth,
Rule of our Manners, Witneſs of our Truth.
Prop of our Reaſon, Index of our Mind,
Eaſe to our Sorrows, to our Pleaſures kind.
Our Obligations how ſhall we diſcharge,
Or how upon Apollo's *Praiſe enlarge.*
Say, why (ſince other's Lays you ſo excel)
You Sing ſo ſeldom, when you Sing ſo well?
Victoria.

A. If we have Charm'd *Victoria* with our Lays,
We've ſung enough, and need no other's Praiſe.

In laſt Friday's Paper, firſt Poem l. 8. for *what* r. *with*. Col. 5. l. 18. for *Nymphs* r. *Numphs*. Col. 5. l. 38. for *Nymphs* r. *Numphs* again. Col. 6. l. 2. for *Scare ye* r. *Teize ye*.

Any may have the Quarterly Books *with the Muſick in them, or moſt of the other Single Papers to make up Sets, or* Indexes *to the Firſt Volume, to find what Queſtions have been anſwer'd (by directing to the Printers) brought home to their Houſes.*

SIR,

LETTERS from Berlin, Octob. 8th. adviſe, that the Czar deſires an Interview with the King of Pruſſia, and that the King of Denmark and King Auguſtus are to aſſiſt at the Interview; that the Grand Signior has preſented the King of Sweden with a Rich Coach and fine Horſes and a great Sum of Money, and that His Majeſty deſign'd to return into Germany by Hungary. Some Letters adviſe, that he is arriv'd on the Frontiers of Moldavia, being magnificently entertain'd on the Road at the Charges of the Grand Signior. Letters from Bruſſels Octob. 14th. ſay, that the Flying-Camp of Chevalier de Luxemburg having been reinforc'd with ſeveral Batallions & Squadrons, and having laid ſeveral Bridges over the Sambre, the Allies have ſent ſome Detachments for reinforcing the Dutch Garriſons on the Maeze. That a great Number of Soldiers in our Hoſpitals and in thoſe of Louvain, Malines, &c. being recover'd of their Wounds receiv'd in the late Battle, are order'd ſuddenly to return to their Reſpective Regiments. The Siege of Mons is carry'd on with as much Vigor as the Weather will permit, and they are now battering the Horn-works with 40 pieces of Cannon; we hear the Garriſon begins to want ſeveral Neceſſaries, and the Inhabitants ſhew a ſtrong Inclination to riſe in Arms to force the Governor to Capitulate. On the 8th Inſtant, the Beſieged made but an indifferent reſiſtance, when the Counterſcarp at the Gate of Havre was taken. Hague, Octob. 15th. the Elector of Hannover has quitted the Imperial Army, being not entirely ſatisfy'd with the Conduct of Some Generals. We have nothing material from Savoy, but that the Confederate Troops are repaſſing the Alps without the leaſt Moleſtation from the Enemy. Which is all from Yours, &c.

All are deſired to direct their Letters (Superſcrib'd for the *Britiſh Apollo*) to be left at Mr. *Carters*, at the *Roſe* and *Crown* in St. *Paul's Church-yard*, at Mr. *Bickerton's*, at the *Roſe* and *Crown* in *Little Britain*, or at the Printers hereof; either with Queſtions, Subſcriptions, or for Indexes to our firſt Volume, which contains between 2 and 3000 Anſwers to Queſtions, for we ſhall not take notice of ſuch Queſtions again as have been anſwer'd therein. Our Rates are, 2 *s.* *per* Quarter for the Weekly. 2 *s.* 6 *d*, with the Monthly, and the Quarterly Books 6 *d.* apiece. Thoſe who come in within the Quarter, to pay at Quarter-day 1 *d.* apiece for each they have had. No Queſtions out of the Country will be anſwer'd but where the Poſtage is paid.

Books of Guards for keeping the Papers in at 2 *s.* each, and Single Sheets to make up Sets, may be had on directing as above.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WE the Miniſter, Church-Wardens, and Overſeers, of the Pariſh of St. *Saviours Southwark* do hereby certify, that Mr. *Grant*, a profeſs'd OCULIST, hath perform'd ſeveral Eminent Cures, relating to the Eyes, in our ſaid Pariſh and Neighbourhood, ſeveral of which have been perform'd on real Objects of Pity, recommended by Certificate from us, which Mr. *Grant* hath cured *Gratis*. In Teſtimony whereof We have ſet our Hands the 13th of *January*, 1706. *Thomas Horn*, Miniſter; *Richard Oldner*, *Thomas Normandy*, Church-Wardens; *John Webb*, *Joſeph Pool*, *Joſeph Thorp*, Overſeers.

TOOK from behind a Coach a little beyond Highgate on the 4th Inſtant a Box containing ſeveral Suits of Head-Cloaths and other Linnen, if any Perſon will bring it to Mr. *Lawſon*, by *Little St. Hellens* without *Biſhopſgate*, He or She ſhall have 11. 10 *s.* reward and no Queſtion aſk'd.

WHEREAS *Thomas Wilſon*, about 18 Years of Age, Pock-broken in his Face, pretty Plump, of dark brown curl'd Hair, Stammers in his Speech, went away from his Maſter *Richard Foxe*, ſhoemaker, on *Tower hill*, on the 6th of this Month. If any Perſon will give Notice of him to his ſaid Maſter, he ſhall have a Guinea reward, or if he will return again he will be kindly uſed.

THE RECORD-INK-POWDER, for making expeditiouſly the blackeſt and moſt laſting Writing Ink, being a Tincture from Minerals, Marchantſ, with other ponderous Ingredients, far exceeding (for this purpoſe) any diſſolving Powder whatever; each 6 *d.* Paper containing 3 Ounces Seal'd up with Directions, makes a Pint. Thoſe Perſons who make this liquid Ink themſelves for Sale, may do the ſame with a Groſs Cheaper than when made up into Dozens, which makes 18 Gallons, the Powder weighing 27 Pounds. It's Sediment ſerves for tincturing the like quantity of Water preparative to the next Ink that ſhall be made, and then half the ſaid Powder being put therein will prove as good as the firſt, and much Cheaper than hitherto known, being alſo fit for Carriage by Sea and Land, is now prepared by the Inventor *Auſtin Oſworth*, Stationer, at the *Golden-Ball* in *Cannon-Street*, and moſt of the Stationers, Bookſellers, and Haberdaſhers in *London*, and other Cities and chief Towns in GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND.

THE EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS of Mr. *William Croſſe*, Profeſſor of Phyſick and OCULIST, at his Houſe againſt *Cecil-ſtreet* in the *Strand*, in Curing Diſtempers incident to the Eyes, is Evident by Teſtimonials frequently inſerted in the Publick Prints, under the Hands of ſuch Perſons as have happily experienc'd the ſame, who were by his Preſcriptions perfectly recover'd, after they had ineffectually apply'd themſelves to others.

THE only True Purging Eſſential Salt of Scurvy-Graſs, the pleaſanteſt Phyſick in the World, which effectually eradicates that reigning Diſeaſe: It purges gently by Stool, never Vomits, but works pleaſant, free, and eaſie, without Sickneſs, or almoſt any Diſorder: It cools and refreſhes Nature, cleanſes the Body and Blood of all Filth, corroborates both, invigorates the Spirits, reſtores loſt Stomachs, carries off the Remains of bad Wines, and is immediately neceſſary on all Occaſions that require Purging: It's needleſs to ſay, it cures the Scurvy, Gout, Rheumatiſm, Dropſy, Jaundice, Green-ſickneſs, Hypocondriac Melancholly, &c. for it opens all Obſtructions in the Liver, Spleen and Gall. Powerfully reſiſts Putrefaction, is Diuretick, helps Digeſtion, kills Worms, and brings them away both in Children and adult Perſons. Is only Sold by Mr. Harriſon, at a Wax Chandlers's at the White Hart in the Poultry; and at Mrs. Cole's, at the Dial and Two Crowns, Toyſhop, againſt St Dunſton's Church, Fleet-ſtreet; at 1 *s.* an Ounce, Seal'd up with Printed Directions.

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